## SOME NEW BOOKS.

Lord John Russe The latest addition to the series of political

biographies published by the Harpers, and entitled The Queen's Prime Ministers, is a short life of Lord John Russell by STUART JAMES REID While the author has largely relied upon the extensive and authoritative biography subject by Mr. Spencer Walpole, he has been to avail himself of some additional material. Especially should it be noted that the wager Countess Russell has not only granted him access to her journal and papers, as well as the early notebooks of her husband, but in many conversations has added reminiscences of her

It is common to think of Lord John Russell as the son of a Duke of Bedford, but the truth is that his father's accession to the dukedom was quite unexpected, and did not occur until his youngest and most famous son was 10 years old Then it was that the boy, who previously had been plain John Russell, acquired the courtesy title of Lord John. Another circumstance often overlooked, for the reason, probably, that he attained the age of 86, is the extremely delicate health from which the subject of this biography suffered in childhood and youth. It was on this account that he was removed from Westminster School after a short stay, and was thenceforth educated by private tutors up to the time of his entering the university. He was sent to Edin burgh, his father declaring that nothing at that time was to be learned at Oxford and Cambridge It should be remembered that the distinction between class and pass courses had not beer then introduced at the English universities. At Edinburgh young Russell had the advantage of the special oversight of Prof. Playfair, the dis tinguished mathematician, and of the stimulating influence of Prof. Dugald Stewart. It was here, too, amid the discussions of the Speculative Society, that he first discovered his apti-

tude for debate. It is an interesting fact that Lord John Rus sell, who was to play so important a part in the reform of the Parliamentary franchise, was himself returned at the age of twenty-one for Tavistock, a pocket borough of his father's. At that date, 1813, and up to the passage of the first Reform act, Parliament was little more than an assembly of delegates sent by large landowners. Ninety members were returned by forty-six places in which there were less than returned by thirty-five places containing scarcely any electors at all. Places such as Old Sarum consisting of a mound and a few ruins, returned two members, while Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham, in spite of their great population and in spite, too, of keen political intelligence and far-reaching commercial activity. were not yet judged worthy of the least voice in public affairs. At Gatton the right of election lay in the hands of freeholders and house holders paying scot and lot, but the only elector rd Monson, who returned two members. Many of the boroughs were bought at a fancy price by men ambitious to enter Parliament, a method which seems to have had the advantage of economy, when the cost of some contested election is taken into account. A contested election fo Northampton cost the chief candidates \$150,000 each, while Lord Milton and Mr. Lascelles, in 1807, spent between them a million dollars at a contested election for the county of York. Mr Reid cites an smazing instance of the way in which some borough elections were "managed." The patron of a large town in Ireland, finding or the approach of an election that opposition wa to be made to his interest, marched a regiment of soldlers into the place from Loughrea, where they were quartered, and caused them to be elected freemen. These military freemen then voted for his friend, who was, of course, returned. Parliamentary government, in short, to far as it was supposed to be representative of the people, was a delusion. The number of nembers returned by private patronage for England and Wales amounted to more than three hundred. It was publicly asserted, and not without an appeal to statistics, that 154 bersons, great and small, actually returned 307 members to the House of Commons.

It was only by cautious and moderate proposals that such a scandalous state of things would be corrected. Nothing came of the sweep ing motion periodically introduced by Sir Franels Burdett for universal suffrage, equal electoral districts, vote by ballot, and annual Parliaments. Not even yet has this programme been entirely carried out, nor has Parliament rielded to the one-man one-vote cry then started by Major Cartwright, brother of the inventor of the power loom. Much more judicious and effective was Lord John's method of advocating franchise reform. He had little sympathy with extreme measures, and, above all, he knew that it was not merely useless, but harmful to urge them at the start. In his first resolutions in favor of reform, which he brought forward in December, 1819, he simply proposed that all boroughs in which gross and notorious bribery and corruptions should be proved to prevail should cease to return members to liament, and that the right so taken away should be given to some great towns, or to the largest counties. More than twelve years were to elapse before even the demands embodied in these resolutions were granted in the Reform act carried by the Ministry of Earl Grey, of which Lord John Russell was a member.

In the interval between his entering Parlia ment and his active furtherance of the cause of reform, Lord John Russell spent a good deal of his time in travel on the Continent. One of thes journeys was rendered memorable by an inter view with Napoleon, who was then in exile a The Dowager Countess Russell has permitted the present biographer to quote from a old-fashioned, leather-bound volume in her hus band's handwriting, which gives a detailed de scription of his Italian tour from 1814-15, and of his conversation with the banished despot o Europe. Part of the account here given has al ready been published by Mr. Walpole, but much of it has remained for eighty years in the privacy of Lord John's notebook. With a minute ness of detail highly satisfactory to present readers, the young English traveller records that "Napoleon was dressed in a green coat, with a hat in hand, very much as he is painted. But excepting the resemblance of dress, I had a very mistaken idea of him from his portraits He appears very short, which is partly owing to his being very fat, his hands and legs being quite swollen and unwieldy. That makes him appear awkward, and not unlike the whole-length figure of Gibbon, the historian. Besides this, instead of the bold-marked countenance that expected, he has fat cheeks and rather a turn-up nose, which, to bring in another historian, make the shape of his face resemble the portraits of Hume. He has a dusky, gray eye, which would be called victous in a horse, and the shape of his mouth expresses contempt and decision. His manner is very good natured, and seems studied to put one at one's case by its familiarity; his amile and laugh are very agreeable; he asks a number of questions without object, and often repeats them, a habit which he has no goult acnired during fifteen years of supreme command He began asking me about my family, the allowance my father gave me, if I ran into debt, Napoleon, after hearing drank, played, &c." that Lord John had been in Spain, told him that Ferdinand was in the hands of the priests. Spain, like Italy, he added, was a fine country, especially Andalusia and Se-Lord John admitted this, but spoke of the uncultivated condition of the land. "Agriculture," replied Napoleon, "is neglected because the land is in the hands of the Church." And of the grandees," suggested his visitor. "Yes," was the answer, "who have privileges contrary to the public prosperity." Napoleon expressed the belief that the evil might be edied by dividing property and abolishing hurtful privileges, as was done in France fterward Napoleon asked many questions about the Cortes, and when Lord John told him that many of the members made good speeches on abstract questions, but they failed when any practical debate on finance or war took place, Napoleon dryly remarked: "Out, faute de l'habitude de gouverner." Presently the talk drifted to Wellington, or rather Napoleon

advoitly led it thither. He described the man who had driven the French out of Spain as a eur," and asked if Wellington liked Paris. Lord John replied that he thought not, and added that Wellington had said that he would find himself much at a loss as to what to do in time of peace, as he seemed scarcely to like anything but war. Whereupon Napoleon exclaimed: "La guerre est un grand feu, une beile occupation." He expressed his surprise that England should have sent the Duke to Paris, and he added, evidently with a touch of bitterness 'On n'aime pas l'homme par qui on a été battu. The Emperor's great anxiety seemed to be to get trustworthy tidings concerning the condition of France. Lord John's words are: "He inquired if I had seen in Florence many Englishmen who came from there, and when I men tioned Lord Holland he asked if he thought things went well with the Bourbons. When answered in the negative he seemed delighted, and asked if Lord Holland thought they would be able to stay there," On this point Lord John was not able to satisfy him, and Napoleon said that he understood that the Bourbons had neglected the Englishmen, who had treated then well in England, and particularly the Duke of Buckingham, and he condemned their lack of gratitude. Lord John suggested that the Bourbons were afraid to be thought to be dependent on the English, but Napoleon brushed this aside y asserting that the English, in general, were very well received. In a mocking tone he expressed his wish to know whether the army was much attached to the Bourbons. The Vienna Congress was, of course, just then in progress, and Napoleon showed himself nothing loath to talk about it. He said The powers will disagree, but they will not go to war." He spoke of the Regent's con duct to the Princess Caroline as very impolitic and he added that it shocked the bienscance by the observance of which his father, George III., had become so popular. He declared that England's war with the United States was "une guerre de rengeance," as the frontier ques tion could not possibly be of any importance According to Napoleon the great superiority of England to France lay in her aristocracy. He told Lord John that he had intended to create a new aristocracy in France by marrying his officers to the daughters of the old nobility and he added that he had reserved a fund from the contributions which he levied when he made treatles with Austria, Prussla, &c., in order to found these new families. We note, too, that speaking of some of the naval engagements, he found great fault with the French Admiral who fought the battle of the Nile, and pointed out what he ought to have done; but he found most fault with the Admiral who fought Sir R. Calder for not disabling his fleet, and said that if he could have got the Channel clear then, or at any other time, he would have invaded England," Talleyrand, he declared, had advised the war with Spain, and Napoleon also made out that he had prevented him from saving the Duc d'Enghien. said, ought to have been conquered, and Napoleon declared that he would have gone there himself if the war with Russia had not occurred. England, he predicted, would repent of bringing the Russians so far, and he added, "they will deprive her of India." It is evident that Napoleon made a profound impression upon his roung English visitor, for, returning to London during the Hundred Days, Lord John spoke on June 5. in Parliament, against the renewal of hostilities. He was one of the small minority in Parliament who refused to regard Napoleon's flight from Elba as a sufficient casus belli.

III. What would Lord John Russell have done had

ie, instead of Mr. Gladstone, carried the Home Rule bill through the last House of Commons only to see it beaten by a vast majority in the upper House? No doubt he would have insisted on appealing at once to the electors. But suppose the appeal had been successful, and he had seen his bill beaten a second time by the Lords, would be have besitated to advise her Majest to create even the great number of peers needed to control the upper House? For an answer to that question we must recur to the view taken by Lord John of the method adopted to carry the first Reform act. It will be remembered that when Lord Grey and Lord Brougham first urged upon William IV, the creation of new peers in order to surmount the opposition to the Reform act, they met with a chilling reception. The King refused to assent, and the Min istry had no other aternative than to resign. William IV. summoned the Duke of Welling ton, but the latter was unable to form a Government, and presently the King had to send again for Lord Grey. The King agreed to create new peers, but, before doing so, he addressed a lette to members of the House of Lords who were ostile to the bill, urging them to withdraw their opposition. A hint from Windsor went further with the aristocracy in those days than any number of appeals from the country. About a hundred of the peers, in angry and sullen mood, forbore to appear in the seats and thus the Reform bill was carried through the upper House. Mr. Reld points out, however, that the mode by which the English people at last obtained this great measure of redress did ot commend itself to Lord John's judgment. He did not disguise his opinion that the creation of many new peers favorable to reform would have been a more digained proceeding the request from Windsor to noble lords to dissemble and cloak their resentment. His words were: "Whether twelve or one hundred be the number requisite to enable the peers to give their votes in conformity with public opinion, it seems to me that the House of Lords, sympathizing with the people at large, and acting in concurrence with the enlightened state of the prevailing wish. represents far better the dignity of the Housand its care in legislation than a majority got together by the long supremacy of one party in the State, eager to show its ill will by rejecting bills of small importance, but afraid to appea and skulking in clubs and country houses in

It is well known that Lord John Russell, now come Earl Russell, was Secretary for Foreign Affairs during the eventful period from 1861 to 1865. In his conduct of foreign affairs he acted with generosity toward Italy, and, upon the whole, in an exemplary spirit toward the United States. His present biographer can see that it was a fortunate circumstance for the great interests at stake on both sides of the Atlantic that a man of so much judgment and right feeling was in power at a moment when ejudice was strong and passion ran high. It is pointed out that Grote, who was by no means usumed with enthusiasm for the Palmerston Government, did not conceal his admiraof Lord Russell's sagacity at this crisis. Grote declared that "the perfect eutrality of England in the destructive civil war now raging in America appears o me almost a phenomenon in political history No such forbearance has been shown during the political history of the last two centuries. It is the single case in which the English Govern ment and public, generally so meddlesome, has displayed most prudent and commendable for bearance, in spite of great temptations to the contrary." Lord Russell was fully alive to the fact that no greater calamity could possibly overtake the English-speaking race than a war between England and the United States. Some pages contributed to this volume by the late Selborne, who was Solicitor-General at the time, show that Lord Russell was not responsible for the escape of the Alabama, a blunder which almost led to war, and which, when submitted to arbitration at Geneva, cost England some fifteen million dollars. Lord Russell himself held resolutely to the view that her Majesty's Government had steadily endeavored to maintain s policy of strict neutrality, and, so long as he was in power at the Foreign Office or at the Treasury, the demands of the United States for compensation on the score of the so-called Alabama claims were ignored. Lord Selborns testifies that no idea can be more unfounded than that which would call in question his friendliness toward the United States during their contest with the Confederates. Lord Russell, however,

did not think it safe or expedient to endeavor to

restrict that freedom of commercial dealings | street. On the inside, also, the Capitol was un-

face of a measure which has attracted the

ardent sympathy of public opinion."

between the citizens of a neutral State and belligerents, subject to the right of belligerer protect themselves against breach of blockade or carriage of contraband, which had been universally allowed and by no nation more insisted

It was well that the biographer should recall the fact that Lord Russell, in his closing years, thoroughly distrusted Turkey's rule in Europ He declared that he had formerly tried, with Lord Palmerston's aid, to improve the Turks, but came to the conclusion that the task was hopeless, and he witnessed with gladness the various movements to throw off their control in southeastern Europe. He was one of the first to call attention to the Bulgarian atrocities, and he joined the national protest with the political ardor which indignation was still able to kindle in a statesman who cherished his old ideals at the age of eighty-four. The following entry in Lady Russell's journal occurs in October, 1876 Interesting visit at Pembroke Lodge from the Bulgarian delegates, who called to thank John for the part he had taken. They utterly deny the probability of civil war or bloodshed between different Christian sects or between Christian and Mussulman in the case of Bulgaria and the other insurgent province obtaining self-government. Their simple, heartfelt words of gratitude to John were touching to us all." History has of late repeated itself. On May 16, 1895, a party of Armenian refugees went to Pembroke Lodge "on the ground that the name of Lord John Russell is honored by every Christian under the rule of the Turks. Their words reminded Lady Russell of the in cident just recorded, and the interview, she says, was "a heart-breaking one, although gratitude for British sympathy seemed upper most in what they wished to express. Afte they were gone I thought, as I have often thought before, how right my husband was in feeling and in saying, as he often did, that Gold smith was quite wrong in those two lines in

"How small of all that human hearts endur-That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.

"He often recited them with disapproval when any occurrence made him feel how false the

Lady Russell records that Grote's history o Greece was one of the last books her husband read, and she adds that many of his friends must have seen its volumes open before him or the desk of his armchair, in his sitting room a Pembroke Lodge, in the last year or two of his life. It was often exchanged for Jowett's "Plato," in which he took great delight, and which he persevered in trying to read when the worn-out brain refused to take in the meaning

A Congressman's Recollections of War

Many histories and biographies have dealt with the civil war, but few of the books treating of the period have referred except in a cursory and incidental way to the part played by Congress. 'Yet obviously back of all the armies, back of the Cabinet Ministers, and back of the President himself was the Federal legislature wherein the war had first to be fought out. The President and all the military and civil officers appointed by him were but executors of the mandates of the law-making power. Whoever, then, would rightly estimate the forces whereby the rebellion was put down must become con versant with the men of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Congresses and with their legislation. Especially is this true of the Thirty eventh Congress, the members of which, half blindly at the first, but eventually with correct ness, grasped the conditions of the struggle. and wielded measureless power with amount of sagacity which left to the succeeding Congress little to do except to follow and press forward on the way already opened. It is with a view of depicting the legis lative side of our war history that Mr. ALBERT GALLATIN RIDDLE has compiled his Recoiled tions of War Times (Putnams). The author was a member of the Thirty-seventh Congress from the Nineteenth Ohio district, and failed to be reflected owing to the unpopularity caused by a misunderstood and improperly published letter ecounting his personal observations of the panic-stricken retreat of the Union soldiers from the battlefield of Bull Run. But, although the author's term of service in Congress was brief, the part which he took in its proceedings at a momentous conjuncture was lacking neither in prominence nor usefulness, and his acquaintance with many of the most influential nen of the day was extensive and intimate. Unquestionably, he has given us a valuable and

interesting book. Among the reminiscences with which this book is stored, one turns with especial curiosity to what the author has to say about Lir coln, Seward, Chase, Stanton, and Cameron. Scarcely less noteworthy is the preliminary sketch of the aspect which Washington presented in the beginning of 1861. A glance at this singularly vivid picture will provide a setting for the recollections of two or three of the chief persons who figured in the scene.

Whoever, says Mr. Hiddle, sees Washington o-day for the first time, with its hundreds of miles of broad, smooth-surfaced streets, bordered with 120,000 shade trees; its numerous parks, with their statuary, fountains, shrubbery, and flowers; its numerous impressive public buildings and monuments and th picturesque appearance of its private dwellings, will be entirely unable to measure th ontrast which it offers to the Washington of 1861. At the last-named date the Federal capital was an unattractive, sodden town straggling up and down the left bank of the yellow Potomac. Pennsylvania avenue, twelve rods wide, stretched drearil over the mile between the unfinished Capitol and the unfinished Treasury building on Fifteenth street West, where it turned north for a square and then took its melancholy to Georgetown, across what was then the beautiful Rock Creek. Ill paved ss it was with cobblestones, it was yet the only paved street of the town. The other streets which were long mud tracks, or stretches of dust and sand, bordered here and there by clumps o poorly built private houses, wandered from the northern highlands toward the Potomac, and from the Eastern Branch (Anacosta) to Rock Creek. Not a sewer did the town possess, no off of Pennsylvania avenue was there a paved gutter. Each house had an open drain running from its rear across the sidewalk. As may be in ferred, the Federal capital had as many unpleas ant odors as Coleridge ascribed to old Cologne At that time an open canal, a branch of the Chesapeake and Ohio, running from Rock Creek to Anacosta, bred malaria, tadpoles, and mosquitoes. The Tiber of to-day, then known as Goose Creek, interposed a channel of stagnant water from the highlands to the botanic garden, while Slash Run overflowed the northwest wastes of the swampy city. The only completed public edifices of Washington were then the President's house, the Post Office Department, the Interior Department, the War and Navy building or seventeenth street, and the little dingy State Department, which was set squat on the ground ow occupied by the north wing of the Treasury building. The Washington monument, the Capitol, and the Treasury building were all dismal specimens of arrested development. The walls of the two wings of the Capitol had not yet been perfected, and the little jug-like dome of the old central structure still occupied its place, utterly lost in the expanse of the acres of roof that it could not dominate. With the exception of a timbered enclosure, the western slope of Capitol Hill was open ground. Pennsylvania avenue passed around the north wing of the Capitol on its eastward way, and all that open ground was covered with the remains of building stone, lumber, and timber, while heaped at every access aible point were the huge iron plates intended for the great Capitol dome, but which the slav-ery leaders had deferred putting in place. In Mr. Riddie's opinion nothing more conclusively shows a predetermination to destroy the Union than the deliberate suspension of the work the Capitol and the Treasury building, which latter was then limited to the portion

represented by the colonnade fronting Fifteenth

finished; throughout the term of the Thirty-seventh Congress the old hall of the House was a mere lumber room, unsightly and offensive. It is further pointed out that the bridges across the Potomac were in a ruinous condition, as was everything dependent upon the will of the retiring Administration, which had had to borrow money for its current expenses,

So much for the outward aspects of the city; we pass to the sympathies of the inhabitants. Mr. Riddle found that, from a political point of view, the fixed population of Washington was intensely Southern, as much so as that of Richmond or Baltimore. Very few residents of education, and none of a lower social station were Republicans at the advent of "Lincoln and his Northern myrmidons," as they were called in The presence, however, of a Union Administration and a Union Congress, animated by the fresh blood and spirit of a new party called to perform heroic deeds and to confront great hostile forces, eventually, exercised an irrestatible influence upon the population, and effectually put an end to the utterance of seditious and rebeltious sentiments. The friends of the Union were exposed to no open assaults and no secret assassinations. As regards exact statistics, we are reminded that the population of the District was then about 75,000, whereof the city of Washington contained 61,000; of these 15,000 were colored, including over 3,000 slaves The old slavery code of Maryland, and, indeed, all the laws in force in that State at the time of the cession to the United States, constituted the law of the Federal District. II.

Mr. Riddle's first day at the capital was given

he tells us, to the expiring Thirty sixth Con-

gress, but on the morning of the second he

called on the President elect at Willard's Hotel.

He found Mr. Lincoln on the second floor in the

large space in front of the stairway holding an

extempore reception. The President elect "was in wonderful spirits, surrounded by twenty or thirty admiring adherents, standing at his ful height, which, from his lack of breadth, always seemed exaggerated. His face was fairly ra diant, his wit and humor were at flood tide. His marvellous gift of improvising illustrative stories was at its best. They followed each other with great sapidity. In the midst of the flow the majestic form of Gen. Scott was seen grandly rising in the open stairway, steady and unswerving, as if solemnly lifted by noiseless machinery. \* \* \* As he gained the floor it was easy to fancy that one incen tive to the coveted rank of Lieutenant General was the excuse to design, and above all to wear, the magnificent uniform in which he then shone." It was the first meeting of these remarkable men since Mr. Lincoln' election. The General advanced a stride and awaited the presentation by Col. Sumner, who, in undress uniform, made it in the simplest "It would do," Mr. Riddle thinks, the drawing-room dudes of to-day good, with whom the gentlemanly art of bowing is a lost art, to have witnessed the profound grace of the old hero's acknowledgment of the presence of the President-elect as he swept his instep with the golden plumes of his chapeau." On the same day Mr. Riddle went to call on Mr. Chase at the Rugby, now the Hamilton, at some distance from what was then the real city, namely, at the corner of K and Fourteenth streets. Thence north and west were but few buildings within the city limits. To Mr. Chase had been offered the Treasury portfolio, and he was in grave to his duty in ises. He had just been returned from Ohio to the Senate, and the intensely radical Republicans were anxious to have him remain there Upon whom the choice of the President would fall for members of his cabinet was among the most inscrutable of problems up to the all-re deeming fourth of March. Mr. Riddle found that one of Mr. Chase's main objections to accepting the Treasury portfolio "was his utter want of knowledge as to the man selected for the State Department. A thing much talked of at the time in the capital was that Mr. Lincoln on Sunday, the 3d of March, gave a dinner to seven gentlemen, and they happened to be those whose names were sent to the Senate the next day. Yet it was said that several of the guests at that dinner party were not informed of their ntended associates. I was enabled on the Thursday or Friday of that week to inform Mr Chase that Mr. Seward was to be chief of the Cabinet, which was to him a great relief. I did not, however, know the name of any of the others selected by the President elect, nor did any one save Mr. Chase learn from me the ource of my information nor what it was." Well worth reading, too, is the author's ac

ount of Lincoln's first inauguration. Owing to the dread of assassination, there was not only a glittering show of militia companies, and a contingent of the regular army numbering nearly a housand men, but there was deposited about the Capitol a supply of effective navy revolvers Apparently these precautions were needless, assed off with pleasant incident. After recalling that the President elect, on the arm of the President, en-tered the Senate chamber at a little past 12 on March 4, 1861, Mr. Riddle goes on to say: had seen and heard Mr. Buchanan at the rival Democratic Conventions at Eric, Sept. 10, 1849, and then rather admired him, Whig as I was. He was now old, with a sad, worn, withered, white face, stouter and seemingly shorter, with his well developed head in its fixed inclination to the left shoulder. He had an air of resolve and bore himself well. My compassion went out at once to the retiring, fallen man. Everybody pressed forward, eager to see the incoming ruler. The crowd that day was largely made up of the haters, the revilers, and the scorners of the sorrowful and seemingly friendless and deserted old man; they pushed by him rudely, without a word or bow, yet throughout the try ing two hours he bore himself manfully and bravely by the side of his overshadowing, unshapely successor. I was glad for his sake when ne was liberated, and might go away in peace. It appears that Mr. Riddle had the good luck to tand within four or five feet of Mr. Lincoln when he delivered his memorable address. "Never. declares the author of this book, "was there more persuasive speaker. His quaint logic and taking, unaccustomed ways were absolutely irresistible. His vocabulary was limited, he sed mainly the simple words that one learns in childhood, which are always the most ser viceable, and which arrange themselves easily. delivering their burden of thought with cer tainty and force to the minds to which they are addressed. Perhaps there was never a more immediately effective address delivered to men than this quaint, masterly performance, as impression only despened by after study and reflection. It was, in many respects, the great est service to his country of any single labor o Mr. Lincoln. As a forensic effort it was as ef

fective as that delivered at Gettysburg. 111. We pass to an account of an interview with Lincoln toward the close of April, 1864, when there was grave doubt about the President's nomination for a second term. "I was pained," says Mr. Riddle, " almost shocked, by the change in his looks and manner, wrought during the intervening five months. He looked like a man worr and harassed with petty fault finding and criticism, until he had turned at bay like an old stag pursued and hunted by a cowardly rabble of men and dogs. He received me as if he hardly knew whether he had not to ward off a baiting I came to understand something of this on that

and said that, 'Bad as that would be, the best must be made of it.' 'Yee, and this is the way you aradeing your share of that best work,' was the rejoinder." Mr. Riddle goes on to tell us that he "was a little late in reaching the Chase residence in the afternoon. The Secretary and his daughters had left for the station, and Sprague and I followed them. I was shown to Mr. Chase's presence in the car set apart for his use. He was alone and in a frightful rage, and controlled himself with difficulty while he explained the cause. The recital, in a hoarse, constrained voice, seemed to rekindle his anger and aggravate its intensity. The spacious car fairly trembled under his feet." It eems that Frank Blair had taken the floor in the House late the same afternoon against Mr. Chase, and, after speaking with peculiar acrimony, had gone to the Executive Mansion, held interview with the President, and received from his hands his old commission in the army, with an order from the Secretary of War assigning him to the command of a corps. All this had been told to the Secretary after he reached the station, with added circumstances that left no shade of doubt in his mind but that Blair's attack had been made with the cordial approval of the President. Mr. Chase thought of remaining in the city, and at once tendering his resignation to the President. Mr. Riddle implored him not to act hastily, and volunteered to seek an interview with the President and se cure his personal assurance that he had no knowledge of Blair's attack, and, on the contrary, condemned it. The interview took place

It is evident that the author of this book did ot share Mr. Lincoln's views of reconstruction. He admits, however, that "so entirely had Mr. incoln won the heart and soul of the masses that the common mind accepted his decision as right in all cases beyond criticism or cavil. One of the gravest of all the problems springing from secession was the reconstruction of the republic. Unquestionably the President was wrong, both as to the repository of the power and the best method of reconstruction. Yet we have seen that the people stood as one with him, and denounced the before ever-trusted Wade; Ohio repudiated Wade, and the brilliant Winter Davis had to leave Congress. What could have been the result had Lincoln lived? The question seems to answer itself.

with satisfactory results to both parties.

The author was with Mr. Chase in his las canvass for the Governorship of Ohio, an learned something of his mode of preparation for public speaking. It seems that he wrote out in advance a general plan of his proposed address, covering all the principal points; this plan he seldom departed. He wrought it out, however, on the platform, improving, cur tailing, or enlarging as he became familiar with it, his speech constantly gaining in effective ness. He was not a quick, spontaneous speaker. He needed preparation, and trusted rather to the weight of thought than to the graces of oratory. His voice lacked a little in clear, rescoant quality; he was a speaker of the Thoma-Ewing order, strong, massive, satisfying, rathe than of the class of Thomas Corwin and John Brough. The latter is said by Mr. Riddle to have had "the finest voice for the field that ; ever heard. He had a trick when interrupted by applause of resuming in the same tone and me as when broken in upon, producing the impression that he had spoken steadily on through the storm; he was the only man I ever knew who had that art. Corwin, too, had a marvellous voice, capable of every inflection, and intoned to every emotion. To this were joined a face and eyes the most flexible and expressive. which could carry on the discourse when the tongue became mute. I have witnessed the marveilous effect wrought by them, unabled by

IV.

This is one of the books relating to the civil

war in which full justice is done to Secretary Stanton. Mr. Riddle had known him lawyer in his native Steubenville, and called early to pay his respects. The Secretary "was alone, received me courteously, speaking in a low, musical voice, which, as I was to could be lower, softer, even sweet, under the ex citement of anger; a round, compactly built, personable man, with short limbs, small hands and feet, thick neck, large, round head, with black brows, and long, curling black hair, the lower face lost in a grizzly beard. His eyes were very striking; large and liquid like those of some women, they were mysterious, to me seem ing to have a message, and looking reproach that aid not understand it." Elsewhere we read that "Mr. Stanton in the War Office was at once everywhere felt; through the camps, hospitals, recruiting stations, and notably in Congress and the Cabinet. The grasp of his nervous hand on the limitless power of his department, which was then not well defined, sent a thrill through the ranks. With most men not specially trained. the first idea of war then was collision at once with the enemy and there was a forward movement immediately. If not actual war, it led to war, organized and aggressive, without com-promise or treaty-Stanton would never hear of that a war for the extinction of the enemy as such. The continent was the arena, the resources of the American people the means, the existence of the republic the issue." From the noment Stanton assumed control of the departnent a vast amount of preliminary work was performed, the skeleton regiments were con-solidated and sent to the front, and every branch of the service reorganized and made effective The rush of all sorts of persons to secure commissions had cursed the volunteer service with a mob of incompetent officers. Congress promptly passed, at the Secretary's wish, a lay authorizing the summary dismissal of officers at the President's discretion that is to say, the discretion of the Secretary of War. "Move or be removed" was his rule; the inefficient wer thinned out. Mr. Riddle, indeed, does not deny that there were individual instances of hard-ship, but "how," he asks. "could that have been avoided? The nation was in its death struggle; a pause of the great organizer, a relaxation in the awful tension of the spring of the War Office which pushed the army upon the foe, would have been fatal. A man in that place who turned aside to search out nice details could never have decided the issue in our favor." The author of this book, while recognizing that the odium heaped at on time upon Stanton was greater than ever fell before upon any man in American history, i disposed to the belief that possibly not even the smallest part of it was justified. He bears tesmony that "one purpose only controlled the action of Mr. Stanton, the utter overthrow of the rebellion; to war against and pursue it to extinction, root and seed. It was for this he aclast days of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, where, in his flerce philippies, he assumed his true position as exterminator of the re ellion. For this purpose he coveted the War Office later. Whatever best tended to that ob ject he would undertake; for no other purpose would be work. No scruples about the Constitution disturbed him; when it was urged that a proposed measure had no warran in that instrument, 'Was the country made for the Constitution? he asked in his sweeter voice. On another occasion, with soft tones, he said: 'When the country is gone, it will be comfort to know that the Constitution is saved. A raid was projected upon remote Anderso ville. Stanton would not hear of it. Men had suffered and died; more must do the same. Hi susiness was to deal concentrated blows, to the last fibre of power, upon the armed foe." An other characteristic anecdote: In 1862 the Legislature of indiana adjourned without ap-

less nothing by the war. No matter what Stanton may have said to him at Savannah, and Mr. Riddle does not believe that Stanton could have said the things attributed to bim, "Sherman knew the Secretary had no power to determine the status of the rebel States as political bodies." Sherman's subsequent refusal to shake hands with Stanton on the occusion of his army passing in review is pronounced one of the pitiable incidents of the war. Mr. Riddle notes that there were also some sharp differences between the Secretary and President Lincoln, in which the Secretary had his way, as was best, undoubtedly. Gen. Weitzel did have permission from the President to convoke the rebei Legislature at Richmond after its fall. It was recalled at the urgent request of Stanton. The order to Grant to limit terms with Lee to purely military affairs was

Returning to the great war Secretary on the last page of this volume, the author points out that the services of a General at the head of an army are capable of estimation as are those of a leading legislator. On the other hand, "there are no means of rewarding the labors of a Cabinet Minister in this country, nor can the responsibilities of Mr. Stanton be easily compared with those of Mr. Chase or Mr. Seward. His labors were very great, and probably no other man of his time could have performed them so well. Stanton's services were too great for any formal recognition or reward by Congress or by his countrymen; and wisely neither made the attempt Gen. Grant, indeed, appointed him Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and he was pleased with the post. However, death intervened before he assumed the judicial robes, and, before the earth closed over him, there were men who said that the end was by his own hand, and from remorse. Remorse for what, in the name of things holy? From time to time this groundless tale against the memory of the great Secretary takes its ghastly flight through the land, and perhaps will continue to do so, albeit persistently slain."

Although no admirer of McClellan, considored as a tactician, Mr. Riddle bears witness to his talent for organization and to the sudden and complete restoration of order in Washington after his accession to the chief command. 'McClellan's coming to the capital," he says, was like the advent of a beneficent prince We awoke one morning to find the streets, the city, serenely free of the wandering gangs of brass and blue. They had all disappeared in a night. In his presence order and quietude at once found themselves everywhere established. As by a potent magic, obedience, discipling neatness, and the air military ruled the camps to which the soldiers were confined; the awkward citizen began to assume the bearing of a soldier, preparing to take his place in the finely wrought mechanism of the company, regiment, brigade, division, and army corps. Never had we a superior organizer with the skill to turn out the completed regiment. Had his enterprise, his dash, his élan, and his tactics in the field equalled his art as a constructor and artificer of soldiers, his genius would have approached some of the renowned commanders of history. Coming, as he did, to the President's aid, to relieve him of the chaos of his capital. no wonder he won his heart and confidence. Simple and modest then, he adopted no style, ne full dress, plumes, and bullion, no glittering staff and parade; at the first, not even a shoulder strap. We saw him on the avenue, a simple soldier, without any mark or insignla; hurrying on, few knowing his person. When. on the other hand, he took the field without Rosecranz, who made his first fame for him in West Virginia, he seemed to disappear. He was kept all winter before Manassas by twentyseven or thirty wooden guns, and would have stayed there the next season, had not L. C. Baker and his detectives tested by inspection

the rebel works and reported the real state of VI. According to Mr. Riddle, who was an evewitness of it, the first battle of Bull Run was not a defeat, but a "draw," and there was no real ground for the panis which caused the stampede of the Union forces. It is probable that the most authentic account extant of this panic is contained in the letter which, garbled and mis construed by its unauthorized publisher, was to bring upon him so much opprobrium and injury. Immediately after his return from the unincky field to Washington he had written in a private letter: "It seemed as if the very devil of panic and cowardice seized every mortal soldier, officer, citizen, and teamster. No officer tried to rally the soldiers, or do anything except to spring and run toward Centreville. There never was anything like it for a causeless, sheer, absolute, abourd panic on this miserable earth before. Off they went, one and all, down the highway, over across the fields, toward the woods, anywhere, everywhere, to escape. The further they ran the more frightened they grew, and, though we moved as rapidly as we could, the fugitives passed us in scores To enable them the better to run they threw away their blankets, knapsacks, canteens, and finally muskets, cartridge boxes, and everything else." Here we should recall the fact that Mr Riddle was returning with some friends in the carriage which had brought them from Washington. Recurring to his parrative, we read: We called to them, tried to tell them there was no danger, told them to step, implored them to stand. We called them cowards, denounced them in the most offensive terms, put out our heavy revolvers and threatened to shoo them, but all in vain. A cruel, crazy, helpless panic possessed them and was communicated to everybody about, in front and rear. The heat was awful, although now about 6 P. M. The men were exhausted, their mouths gaped, their lips were cracked and blackened with the powder of the cartridges bitten off in battle, their eyes were startled in frenzy; no mortal ever saw such a mass of ghastly wretches. As we came on, borne along with the mass, unable to go ahead or pause, or draw out of it, with the street blocked by flying wagons, before and behind, thundering and crashing on, we were every moment exposed to the danger of being upset, or crushed, or breaking down; and, for the first time on this strange day, I felt a little sinking of the heart and doubted whether we could avoid destruction in the immense throng about us; nothing but the skill of our driver, the strength of our carriage, and the endurance of our horses saved us. Another source of peril beset us. As we passed, the poor, demented, exhausted wretches who could not climb into the high, close baggage wagons made frantic efforts to get onto and into our carriage. They grasped everywhere and got onto it, into it, over it, and implored us in every way to take them on." The author of the narrative goes on to explain that "at first they loaded us down to a standstill; we had to be rough with them, and thrust then out and off, and Brown and I guarded the doors with pistols. One poor devil did get in, and w lugged the pitiful coward a mile or two. - He wore Major's straps, was hatless, and had thrown away his sword; finally, I opened the door and he tumbled or was tumbled out In the awful jam at Cub Run, where the gorge held us for a time, I saw a poor drummer struggling under the horse's feet, whom I rescued with much difficulty and placed to carriage. In like manner I took up an exhausted New York soldier, hatless, coatless, shocless, to whom, when he became a little composed and his maddening thirst had been relieved with

presented weapons. One, a teamster, mounted on a harnessed horse out from an army wagon, threatened Eaton, who had his horse by the bit, with a small pistol. There was the report of a revolver. Eaton was shot through the left wrist. The horse, liberated, dashed on." Nothing shows more plainly the utter demoralization of the panic-infected crowd than that a thousand fugitives should permit themselves to be held up by seven men, not one of whom had s

badge of office.

The letter from which these quotations are made, and which was not intended for publica-tion, fell into the hands of a newspaper editor who was the writer's personal enemy. Unrestrained by considerations of truth or justice, and limited in the use of means only by the power of his invention, he saw his opportunity According to this editor the panie-stricken runaways described by Mr. Riddle were the remnant of a routed, annihilated army, destroyed on the field, with the victorious foe thundering after them. Mr. Riddle and his companions were a cowardly gang of lordly Congressmen, with their fleet, strong horses driving through and over the fugitives, overcome as they were by the heat, the 'tolls of battle, and the rage of thirst. The cowardly Major of whom we have just read was a wounded, bleeding, and fainting hero, flung from the carriage of the flee ing Congressman into the stony to perish under the wheels of army wagons. We are assured that nobody can appreciate the instantaneous and disastrous effect which this garbled version of the letter had upon the author's fortunes. A contemporary writer in the Cincinnati Commercial describes the result in these terms: "Mr. Riddle was esteemed the most fortunate, successful and popular man in the Cleveland district. In a day he became the most odious." He was burned and hanged in effigy in more than one enraged town. In one place, an effigy refusing to burn, was promptly weighted and cast into a mill pond. Most of his friends were overwhelmed by the flood of obloquy, and in Cleve land made no effort to stem the tide. The consequence, as we have said, of this injustions performance was Mr. Riddle's failure to secure a renomination for a second term. He has the satisfaction of knowing that few members of the Thirty-eighth Congress, in which he was unable to take a seat, did more to uphold President Lincoln and the Secretary of War, or could have written the book before us.

THE MIDSUMMER WOODLANDS Dying Strains of the Bird Orchestra and Manifestations of Plant Life,

Midsummer silence is slowly settling down ver the suburban woodlands, and with the silence comes the darker green of fully developed foliage, the graver aspect that proclaims the first powerful impulse of growth exhausted The bird music dies hard, and the woodland still occasionally bursts into song, but there is no longer at any moment the full chorus of June. The robin now sings rarely, and the catbird scarce more often. The song sparrow persists in the open, and the woodthrush still performs his matins and vespers. He is the only regular and frequent singer left, and he no longer sings at the midday hours.

An insect chorus feebly takes the place of the bird orchestra. Its composite monotone continues day and night. The birds themselves still flutter and cry, keeping up their mysterious activities. The robins are fatter than they were a month ago. So, too, are the woodthrushes, and less timid. It is easier to study their habits now than in their early days of unfamiliarity with the human figure. Pothunters are slaying the silenced song birds. The earliest nestlings are rapidly rivalling the size of their parents. Ripening fruits now furnish dainty fare for

the birds. They had a rich feast of raspberries, and now an abundant crop of blackberries is ripening. The wild cherries are yet hard and green. They furnish the early autumn feasts for the birds. Wild woodland apples are swelling, and the birds or some other wild creatures are eating the fox grapes. Amid the ripening fruits the wild rose shows blushing stars in all the thickets. One would know the summer solstice, more than a month gone, even without noting the silence of the birds and the ripening of the wild fruits. There are a dozen other indications that tell the tale. The woodland paths, mazy and intricate, are worn well into the clay, and are bare and hard from the tread of men and cattle these ten or twelve weeks past. You recognize the human path by its smoothness and breadth, by the fact that it avoids the thickets and leads from highthat it avoids the thickets and leads from high-way to highway or from clearing to clearing, if that pioneer word may be applied to a forest field in a region as old as the New York suburba. The cowpaths run with unexpected turns and plunges through the trickets, where the cattle go in hopes of driving off the flies by the friction of leaves and branches. These paths are deeper, narrower, and rougher than those made by human feet, and here and there one en-counters in a soft, damp place the im-prist of the cloven hoof, full of satyr-like suggestion to the observer standing

human feet, and here and there one encounters in a soft, damp piace the imprist of the cloven hoof, full of satyrike suggestion to the observer standing in dense shade, his nestrits tingling with pungent weedland edors. There are thickets completely thatched with grape leaves, and underneath such bowers the cowpaths run. The embedding the cat brier has been weaving all summer. The wild clematis is still adding yard upon yard to its bloomy length, and the blossoms will soon be full blown. Half a dozen meglected creepers and climbers are combining to weave close howers that suitry August may finitate the tropics with warm, damp, odorous breaths.

Woodland grasses waving over last year's fallen leaves rotting to mould are thin and limp. Few flowers, and those insignificant, appear among the grass spires. But the ferns, of several varities, are luxuriant. They feather the hollows and lean over the trickling streams. The maidenhair has lost its earlier perfection through the accidents of the last two months, but the stouter ferns show few signs of wear, Scattered thickly throughout the woodland are grotesque mushrooms and fungl of many sorts. There are red tungous excrescences on the trunks of trees and marvellously delicate neutral thits are shown by the mushrooms. Some are pale lilac-purple; a few are a brilliant light red. Others are mottled gray of exquisite shading. The formal perfection of the gills of these creations of a single night is a thing for astonishment. It suggests labored effort directed toward the perfection of a long-conceived device. They all seem creations of nature in a sportive mood, or, as it were, strong hints that all we half believe of fairies and other woodland mysteries is true. Along with these lower forms are the maturing moseses and lichens, the latter spread in cryptographic messages over rocks and fence rails and the trunks of trees. The colors vary in amazing fashion within narrow limits of neutral grays and greens, with occasional brilliant red splotches and spots that seem signi

HOUSES AT FORTY MILE POST. The Are Built of Logs and Moss and Keep Out the Intense Alaskan Cold.

Capt, George W. Morgan of Forty Mile Post, in a recent communication to the Alaska News, predicts that the wonderful Yukon district. which has been developing rich ores, will be found to be particularly rich in coal. Pelly River, which flows into the Lewis at old Fort Selkirk and forms the headwaters of the Yukon, has been prospected more or less for several years with fair success, especially the bars.

The town of Forty Mile, in latitude 64° 25' 5", and longitude 140" 31' 7", is situated on an island at the mouth of Forty Mile Creek, where leame to understand something of this on the Saturday forencen at the White House. There were a number of people in the President's anternoom, and I very soon found that the President himself was undergoing a rude reasting at the hands of those who were waiting foredressions to carry on the Government. Gov. Morton went to Staton for advice, and the Secretary at once drew a warrant on the Treasure hands of those who were waiting foredression to hands of those who were waiting foredression to hands of those who were waiting foredression to carry on the Government. Gov. Morton went to Staton for advice, and the Secretary at once drew a warrant on the Treasure falls." We shad the following reserved. It was now about 121 houses the substitute was Henry Wilson of Massachusetts. His open assaults were amazing. I withdrew the President's deek to escape, but was annoyed by it even there, and I turned upon the Senator of the Stanton-Sherman controversy we find the following reference: "Sherman has told the fo the creek empties into the Yukon. The town is